

Chapter 7 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

She stood speechless in front of me, staring. The way her teeth bit at her plump bottom lip had my cock going hard in my pants. I wanted to bite her bottom lip more than anything, and have thought about it since the moment I laid my eyes on her.

"I will do let you know if I need anything," she finally said as she looked down. "Thank you for getting my food."

The sweet tenderness of her voice captivated me every time she spoke, but I knew well, deep down, she was more spice than sweet.

"Again, you don't have to thank me. I will be in my office if you need me."

I had to get away from her. The longer she stood there in the black nightie she wore, the more I was likely to lose my self-control. The way her breasts pebbled under the silk tantalized me in ways I hadn't experienced in years.

The urge to grab her by her throat and bend her over the stairs was tempting. What I wouldn't do to see her perfect, peach-shaped ass bare for me, the glistening juices of her arousal dripping past her slit as I pushed in with all my might.

It took everything in me to turn away from her.

Deciding not to waste another moment, I headed down towards my office, looking to escape the desire to gorge on her. The feeling became stronger and stronger every time I was alone around her.

It was one thing to have these thoughts about her, but to act upon them?

That was something else entirely.

Running my fingers through my hair in frustration, I groaned before letting my hand slide down my face.

I have got to stay away from her. She has no idea what she does to me.

Since the moment she had gotten here, I had been toying with her. Testing her to see where her mind was. It may have been wrong, but something about her drove my internal desires crazy.

The primal creature in my soul cried out to claim the prize he sought.

From the soft plump look of her lips down to the large dip of her breasts, I wanted to taste her. I wanted to have her thick thighs wrapped around my face as I devoured the very essence of her being.

She was everything I desired in a woman, and I swore the gods had sent her before me to taunt me. To get me to break my oath and prove to me I am not the dominant man I so thought I could be.

She may have not realized it, but without even touching me sexually, she was wrapping me around her slowly. A feeling I hadn't allowed to happen in so very long.

Yet, there was no way to stop it.

Standing in the middle of my office, I looked at my desk, taking in the amount of paperwork I needed to get done but didn't have the drive to do.

All I could do was think about her.

Taking a deep breath, I left my office, heading towards my bedroom.

A cold shower and a stiff drink were what I needed to calm my racing mind. Yet, as I got to the top of the stairs, I could see her bedroom door partially cracked.

She was lying on her bed, and damn, did she look more than appetizing?

Taking a moment to admire her, I forced myself to continue walking until I was in the bathroom, and the sound of water running echoed around me.

What the f*ck is wrong with me?

Becca.

Creaking on the stairs caught my attention just in time for me to watch James walk past my open door and down the hall towards his room. I wasn't sure if he had been watching me, but the thought made my heart race.

Standing quickly, I made my way towards my door with every intention of closing it. However, as I looked out into the hall, I noticed his bedroom door open and the sound of running water.

Did he intentionally leave the door open?

I knew I should have just minded my business and closed my door, but then again, I couldn't stop myself from pushing forward towards his room.

Be nice, close the door, and go back to your room, Becca.

The mantra repeated in my mind, but the closer I got to his open door, the more curious I became. My racing heart all but stopped the moment I saw his naked form in the mirror's reflection behind his bed.

Oh sweet, Jesus.

His perfectly sculpted body stood under the hot caress of the water, with soap running across his body. He seemed to be lost in thought about something, because before I knew it, his hand was running down to his thick erected shaft.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing, but as if he knew I was watching, his eyes went to the mirror and locked with mine.

F*ck!

He didn't seem to care, though. Instead, he stepped towards the glass shower door and opened it for a clearer view.

His hands stroked over his thick erection while a taunting grin slid across his lips. Almost as if he was waiting for me to join him.

Waiting for me to drop to my knees and take him into my mouth.

I wanted that too. I wanted him to f*ck my mouth and use me in so many ways. Yet, that was wrong of me, I knew. Here I was, watching my friend's father stroke his cock, and I was more than turned on, but something forbidden brought me to my senses.

I all but ran towards my room and slammed my door. My beating heart felt as if it would burst with how nervous I was over being caught.

I was no better than a Peeping Tom, and yet, everything about what I saw I wanted.

Never in my life had I seen anything more beautiful than the thick cock he concealed between his legs. It made sense now why they called him the Italian Stallion.

He was hung like a horse, and I knew he knew how to use it.

With fidgeting hands, I paced around my room, trying to calm my racing mind. James caught me watching him in the shower, and I had no idea what was going to happen next.

Was he going to throw me out? Would he tell Tally?

Something deep inside me told me he wouldn't, but I wasn't sure.

Shaking my concerns from my mind, I flipped off the light and climbed into bed. The last thing I needed to do was to keep reeling over James Valentino, my best friend's incredibly sexy father.

As I slept, the feeling someone was watching me awakened me. I wasn't sure what it was about this house, but no matter what, I couldn't help but feel like his eyes were on me, no matter where I went.

The red flickering light of the alarm clock let me know it was somewhere close to one in the morning, and as I rolled over, I froze in my place.

James stood by my closed door with a glass in his hand and his eyes on me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked as I quickly sat up in bed.

The sensation of how I felt earlier came crashing through me ten fold, realizing that he had been watching me while I wore nothing but a thin black nightie that left nothing to the imagination. As a sinful smirk crossed his lips, my heart skipped a beat. "You were watching me earlier. I felt it was only fair."

I thanked the darkness around us for concealing my facial reactions because I knew, without a doubt, I was as red as a tomato from embarrassment.

"I—" James held his hand up quickly, cutting me off mid-sentence before he walked towards me.

"You don't have to explain yourself, Becca."

"No, I do though," I stammered. "I don't want you to think I'm some weirdo."

Laughter escaped him at my comment before a twinkling glint in his eye portrayed something else. Something that made my core clench with anticipation of what he was going to do.

"I told you before, Becca, I'm not like the guys you know. I'm far more... dangerous."

"I don't care." The breathless remark escaped me almost instantly before I had even thought about what I was going to say. "I mean—"

"Stop, I like your first response better," he grinned. "You express yourself better under pressure."

"I don't even know what to say to that—" I admitted.

"Then tell me this," he replied, stepping closer towards me. "What is it you desire?"

I didn't need to think about that question to answer it, but as much as I wanted to blurt it out, I hesitated, staring deep into his eyes. He was only within arm's reach of me, and if I went down this road with him, there was no telling what would happen.

"To feel pleasure like no one has ever made me feel before."

The corner of his lip twitched at the sound of my response, and I knew right away what I said affected him. Bringing myself to my knees, I shifted towards him.

Even on my knees on the bed, he still towered over me. "Is that something you can do?"

Taunting men wasn't something I was used to doing, but there was something about him that brought out the devil in me. Something about him made me want to do terrible things.

"I could do very terrible things to you, Becca," he whispered before his lips captured mine, taking my breath away.

The kiss wasn't slow and passionate like I expected it to be. Instead, it was heated and hungry, as if kissing me was the only thing that would satisfy him.

"Don't stop..." I gasped as he pulled away, looking at me with nothing but amusement.

"That isn't how this works, sweet Becca."

His words confused me, but as quick as they came, his hand fisted my hair as he pulled me tight against him and pulled my head back so my eyes were locked with his.

"Do you want to know how this works?" he whispered.

Biting my bottom lip, I gasped, feeling his fingers slide down between my thighs, into my panties, to my soaking wet core that craved his attention. Slowly but surely he ran his fingers across my slit, teasing my sensitive numb before diving deep inside me and then retreating.

"You didn't answer me," he muttered through clenched teeth.

"Yes!" I gasped in response to his tug on my hair. "I want to know."

Seemingly satisfied with my response, he smiled, "I won't f*ck you until you beg me too. And even then, you have to be a very very good girl, Becca. Can you be a good girl?"

"Yes—" I whined.

"Yes, what?" he asked, causing my mind to swirl with the realization of the shit he was into.

"Yes, sir. I can be a good girl."

Without warning, he released me and bent down, picking up his glass that had fallen sometime within the commotion of things. "Good. Get some sleep."

Shock filled me. He was ending things like this.

I wanted more, and as I saw him turn and walk towards my door, I couldn't help but feel angry and empty. "That's it?"

Stopping mid-step, he turned, looking at me over his shoulder as he chuckled, "For now."

My mouth hung open at his response, watching as he brought his fingers up to his mouth and licked them clean with a smile before walking out of my bedroom, closing the door behind him. He turned me on, kissed me, and left me wanting more.

Tally's father was more than I expected him to be.

He was a sadistic dom with a hunger for everything dark and dangerous. His desire to make me his good girl was clear tonight when he had me respond, yet he didn't realize one thing—I loved a challenge.

Game on, motherf*cker. I can be a devil too.